

Wind and Shadows

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Summary: Zed has been captured by none other than Riven! Follow them as they make the long trek across Ionia. Although they start off as bitter enemies, they soon find that the closer they get to their destination, the stronger their bond grows until the interactions between prisoner and escort become... interactions between two lovers?

1. Paths Converge

****Chapter I****

****(Characters belong to Riot)****

He awoke with a start, the jungle silent around him. The silence didn't last as the sound of a twig snapping broke through the thick veil of drowsiness that covered him. His hand moved to his weapon. The fire was out and he could not see more than a few feet in any direction. For a few minutes nothing else could be heard except for his racing heartbeat until that quieted down eventually. Could it have been his imagination? Doubtful but still a possibility. He shifted his position on the ground and closed his eyes to fall asleep again with his blade clutched in his hand.

There it was! That noise, he sat up quickly and drew his blade. Could they have found him? No, he covered his tracks very well. His mission had been a success but his followers had been eradicated by the Kinkou. He needed to see what was out there and let the shadows into his eyes. As the shadows surged into his eyes, his vision improved slowly. He glanced around looking for whatever had made that noise but found nothing. Looking to his left where the sound emanated from, he was met with the view of a hooded figure charging at him a large glowing sword in their hand. He jumped up from his spot on the ground and leapt up into the trees. He was barely fast enough as the attacker's blade bit into the tree below him. The attacker grunted and began hitting the tree harder and harder. Did his attacker get that frustrated so easily? What were they doing? It was too late when

the answer hit him as he was already falling down with the tree that was chopped down.

He hit the ground hard but rolled away as the blade scarred the earth where his head had been. Who was this attacker and how did he come to be so skilled with the blade? He stood up and blocked a swing from the other's sword that would have decapitated him. Then he went into the offensive. In a blur of steel and rage he flew at his attacker. His blades were too fast to follow and his hunter became the prey as they were forced back against a tree.

"Who are you?" he asked to the figure.

The figure said nothing and instead fired a blast of wind out of their sword. It struck him and he flew back into a tree. The impact stunned him and as he felt his mind leave him he heard,

"I am the exile and I have come for redemption."

And with that, Zed faded into oblivion.

* * *

><p>Zed awoke to a world of pain. He felt a thick rope bound over his wrists and turned his head, trying to stretch his sore neck. He appeared to be tied to a tree in the middle of the jungle but couldn't remember how he got there.<p>

_Where am I? _he thought to himself.

The answer hit him as a lightly armored person wrapped in cloth came into his view with a splintered sword.

_Last night, the exile, he attacked me. Wait, not he- she. _He corrected himself as he noticed her face and body structure. The woman had tan skin and short, white hair that stuck up in places.

"Why am I tied up?" Zed demanded with his eyes blazing.

"I don't like my prisoners untied," she stated simply.

Through the slits in his helmet, she stared into the glowing red pits he called eyes, he found itâ€¦ _unsettling._

"What business does someone like you have in Ionia? Besides capturing me?" he questioned.

"I trusted the wrong people and fought on the wrong side," she said gruffly.

With her accent, he concluded that the exile must be of Noxian blood, an enemy of Ionia.

"Noxian, we are both enemies of Ionia are we not? Let me go and let us discuss this peacefully," he tried to convince her before being interrupted with a swift kick to the side.

"One, don't ever compare me too you. Two, I am no longer an enemy of Ionia. Three, shut the f*ck up," she seethed.

_Hit a touchy spot didn't I? _Zed mused.

He was staring back at her amber colored eyes. Pressure was building up and would explode unless one looked away and admitted defeat.

Zed felt his stomach growl and looked away before saying, "Untie one of my arms and throw me my pack," he ordered.

"Do I look like I'm that stupid?" she asked.

"Fine, I'll just get it myself said Zed as he created a shadow next to him. He switched spots with the shadow and walked over to his bag before bending down to open it. As he rummaged around looking for a snack, he found an apple and picked that up before the Exile tackled him to the ground. Instead of fighting back, he merely threw the apple over to the shadow, which moved its arm through the ropes to catch the apple. The moment before the apple was grabbed, Zed swapped places again and caught it with his freed left arm.

The shadow under the exile dissipated into wisps of darkness and she glanced around, confused. A loud crunch caused her to whirl around and focus on the Shadow Ninja who had taken his mask off and was currently biting into the apple.

"I was hungry," he said through a mouthful of apple.

"Don't ever do something like that again," she said.

"Like this?" Zed whispered into her ear from behind her.

She spun around to find nothing and turned back after hearing chuckling from her 'prisoner'.

Zed went back to eating his apple as the white haired lady rummaged through her own pack before smiling and pulling out a stone rune.

"They told me you would be slippery, trying to hide in the shadows," the exile said, "that's why they gave me this."

She strode over to Zed before loosening his ropes a bit.

He was pushed forwards and she began to tie the rune to his back, out of his reach.

Instantly, Zed felt his control of the shadows disappear and a chill swept through him.

"What- what did you do?" he asked.

Never had Zed felt this alone since before he found the box. The shadows had always been there, always comforting him, always helping him. He already missed the presence of them.

"Blocked your powers with this," she said as she completely untied the ropes. Zed looked down and saw his blades had been removed. She then tied his hands in front of him and a rope around his neck. She could then walk next to him, a cruel mockery of a leash was attached to the rope around his neck and she picked up both packs before

pushing him towards the forest.

"Let's go," she said, "we have a long way to go until the Placidium."

* * *

><p>Well hello again, long time,

Sorry about the long wait, I have been super busy with life.

This is a "second attempt" at my story with Riven and Zed, sorry if you liked version #1 better.

Feel free to favorite, follow, and/or review.

Thanks,

** -Navarog**

2. Know thy Enemy

Chapter II

(Characters belong to Riot)

[Zed]

At almost exactly 4 hours into their trek, the Exile said, "Alright stop, let's take a break."

Zed stopped walking and sat down on the ground. He looked up when he heard the exile drop his bag carrying his weapons and armor on the ground and then carefully set her own down.

The exile watched as Zed sat still. His legs were untied so he could sit cross-legged on the ground in a meditative stance. His red and black underclothes covered almost all of his body. His helmet covered the only skin that the clothes did not. The exile had kept her armor on preferring the extra protection it offered.

Zed had requested she either untie him or take off his armor about an hour into their journey. She picked the second option and took off the plating that covered his chest, back, and arms. She left the armor that protected his legs on as well as his mask.

At the sound of his armor hitting the ground Zed looked up.

"My armor better not be scratched," he threatened.

"Or what? What are you going to do?" the exile asked smugly.

_What can I do? _He thought to himself.

As he sat there thinking about what he should do, an old teaching came to his mind.

A long time ago, when Zed was still under Master Kusho's tutelage

with the Kinkou, he was taught many lessons about knowledge and power. Master Kusho always said, _"You must know your enemy to defeat them."_

Zed set out to do just that.

"So exile, what are you doing in Ionia all alone?" Zed asked.

"Finding redemption," she said.

It seemed to Zed that she must have spent a while away from civilization and therefore was willing to talk to him regardless of his affiliation.

"Redemption for what?" he asked.

"An atrocity I committed in the past," was all she said before turning away from him.

"Well what did you do?" Zed asked, hoping to coax another bit of information out of her.

"I- I slaughtered, killed," she said before her expression darkened.

The exile turned back at him, her eyes blazing. Zed found thisâ€| interesting.

"What is with your questions anyways, we aren't friends so don't talk to me," she blazed.

He recoiled in shock. Zed knew that social matters weren't his strong suit but from what he could guess, this response to a few questions seemed out of proportions.

She walked away leaving him with his thoughts.

A Noxian warrior who has a conscienceâ€| very intriguing. He contemplated, _Even though she possesses great discipline, her emotions seem to control her at times. She is like me in some ways, but different in others._

His thoughts were interrupted by a tug on his "leash".

She had returned and she looked ready to go, she had his bag on her back and her own in her left hand. She was holding the rope with her right hand and walked over to him. She strapped her own pack to his back.

"What are you doing?" Zed inquired.

"I have your stuff, you have mine. If you run off, you won't have anything," she stated.

_A wise strategy, very clever _he decided.

She walked by his side, half leading, half pushing him through the lush jungles of southern Ionia.

* * *

><p>As the minutes became hours, the sky began to darken and the Exile stopped them for the night.<p>

She reached towards Zed and retrieved her pack, before taking his own off of herself. As with last time, she roughly dropped his pack on the ground before gently setting her own down.

She then pushed him towards a large tree and tied him to it. She took his mask and hood off and began to feed him a ration. "I am no child, you dare embarrass me this way? Untie me and let me feed myself," he growled.

"Well they don't want you starved to death and I am not untying you, so for now, this is how you eat," she stated.

They? He puzzled.

She finished feeding him and placed his mask back on.

_Should I thank her, I probably would have eventually starved without her help, I may as well thank her, _he concluded.

She got up and turned around but before she could walk away Zed said, "My thanks for the food, Miss-"

"Riven," she said, "My name is Riven."

"Thanks Riven," he said.

An interesting name for an interesting person such as yourself Riven, he wouldn't dare say that aloud.

_I need to get ahold of myself, I am growing weak _he thought to himself.

"Goodnight-" she began to say.

"Zed," he said.

She nodded and turned away again.

Zed watched her as she walked over to the packs and pulled out a tent, once it was assembled, Riven grabbed her pack and disappeared inside.

Zed sighed to himself and shifted into a more comfortable position, or at least one that was as comfortable as possible when being tied to a tree.

* * *

><p>[Riven]<p>

As Riven closed the tent flaps behind her, she pulled out a tarp from her pack and laid it on the ground.

She took off the pieces of heavy armor she wore and set them delicately by the entryway before retrieving an old blanket from her

bag. As she laid down she thought about her strange prisoner.

Without the helmet and hood, she had been able to see his face. When he had used his shadows to retrieve an apple earlier that day, his hood had covered his face in shadows but in the light of dusk, she could see him. He had short black hair that stuck up messily in places. A long scar ran down the right side of his face and passed through his right eye. _And his eyes,_ she thought, _amber, just like mine._

Zed had striking amber eyes with a hint of crimson in them. Besides that one scar and another across the bridge of his nose, the rest of his face was untouched by scars.

"Zed," she said to herself. A large amount of questions wandered through her mind, "Who are you? What did you do to anger Ionia? Why am I- drawn to you?"

Maybe she would find answers the next day. And with that, Riven fell asleep.

* * *

><p>Sorry for the shorter chapter, this is more like a journey towards next chapter which will be longer and have some big stuff in it.

(the [] mean that the section below it is in that character's POV)

As usual, suggestions and feedback is welcome and greatly appreciated

Thanks,

-Navarog

3. Skirmish

Chapter III

(characters belong to riot)

[Zed]

"Get up Zed!"

Where am I? Thought Zed as he opened his eyes. _Curse this infernal brightness!_

Zed tried to move his arms up to block the sun but they didn't budge. All he accomplished was making the chains rattle.

Oh yeah, the chains he remembered.

"We're moving out," she said.

She knelt down in front of him with a bread-roll in hand. She took

off his mask and he squinted. After Riven fed him, she reached for the chains. At one point, her fingertips brushed against a sliver of exposed skin by his neck and he squirmed away.

Riven didn't seem to take notice or didn't care about this reaction and continued like nothing had happened. The chains loosened enough to the point where Zed could stand up. Riven shackled his hands in front of him and tightened a "leash" around his neck.

"Is this necessary?" asked Zed as he gestured to the leash.

"Well maybe if you promise not to run off, I'll think about it," Riven said sarcastically.

Zed said nothing

Riven stood up and attached her bag to Zed's back before shouldering his bag. She started leading him out of the camp.

Zed did not follow and Riven turned to him.

"What now Zed?" Riven asked

"The Placidium is that way Exile" he said as he gestured with his head.

Riven's face blushed and she stammered "I- uh â€" I knew thatâ€" I was just â€"uh testing you, yes I was testing you." Riven barely got this out before turning away to hide her blush.

A few hours of endless marching later Zed stopped abruptly, Riven almost walked into him.

"Stop, I must relieve myself," said Zed.

"Go behind the bushes, I'm not going to watch but you better not run off" Riven said to him.

Riven led Zed to a cluster of foliage and stood on the other side of it, leash in hand.

Little did she know, this ninja was about to make a run for it.

* * *

><p>On the other side of the bushes, Zed immediately got to action. He jumped and swung his hands behind him, once he got them behind him, he was able to begin to untie the rune that blocked his shadows.<p>

Why did she have to these knots tight?

Zed's fingers squirmed around some more until one by one, the ropes holding the rune to his back fell off. Finally, the rune itself fell off of him and hit the dirt ground with a quiet thump.

Did she hear that?

Zed paused his activities and waited a few seconds. No angry Riven burst through the foliage. Satisfied, he let the shadows in and

nearly screamed. The feeling of the shadows flooding in to him was almost impossible to describe. He closed his eyes as waves of power washed into him.

He took a deep breath and opened his eyes, creating a shadow in the space next to him.

Zed swapped with the shadow, reveling in his powers. Until he heard the chain fall to the floor.

Shit.

Then a very angry Riven dashed through the brush with a very deadly looking sword.

"Shit," was all Zed could say.

* * *

><p>[Riven]<p>

Zed had been taking a while but Riven gave him the benefit of the doubt. Until she felt the chain loosen and fall to the floor.

Riven immediately pulled out her sword and dashed through the plants, finding a freed Zed with his rune off.

No armor or weapons on him€| this will be fun, Riven smirked as she brought her sword back to swing.

She swung for his head, blade slicing through the air as he dove out of the way. Riven switched the blade's direction and sliced the other way, narrowly missing Zed again. She grunted and jumped into the air, intent on bringing the sword down. Right before the blade connected with Zed, he disappeared into shadows.

Riven's sword impaled the earth, cutting nearly a foot deep. She grasped the hilt with both hands and attempted to wrench it from the ground, but to no avail. That was when Zed's foot connected with the back of her knee.

Riven was knocked to the ground, the back of her knee burning in pain. She stumbled to her feet in time for a punch from Zed. It smashed into her throat and she flew backwards, slamming against a tree trunk. She attempted to breathe in, but found that she couldn't. Her eyes widened as the figure of Zed approached.

She raised up her arm to protect her face and reached to the side with her other one. Her hand grasped nothing but air. The familiar weight of her weapon was nowhere to be found.

Where is my sword?

She found it, over twenty feet away still buried in the ground. After a small but painful coughing fit, her throat opened and a gust of air flooded into her deprived lungs. Zed had reached her and crouched down in front of her. His face was mere inches away from her own.

"You skills were admirable, but you still needed more time to perfect

them. It is a shame you will never have the chance to do so," Zed hissed into her face, his eyes were angry red slits.

Riven glared back, showing no fear, her eyes matched the ferocity of Zed's. He raised his fist back, and prepared to punch. He swung it forward but then he stopped, fist merely touching her face. Through his mask, his eyes were out of focus, and his entire arm wavered.

What is he waiting for.

Zed roared in frustration and reared back once more, throwing a punch with double the force. Only this one connected into the trunk of the tree, centimeters from her head. The wood splintered and Riven flinched, eyes meeting Zed's. He had regained focus.

Why didn't he hit me, why did he miss on purpose?

Riven clenched her own hand, and Zed murmured, "Do it."

Then she let loose an uppercut that snapped his head back. Zed was sent reeling, knocked out cold.

Riven walked back to the chains that he had and tied him back up.

"Why did you do that?" she wondered aloud.

But she received no answer.

* * *

><p>[Zed]<p>

He awoke, vision swimming, a fire was roaring in front of him. He turned his head around, trying to take in his surroundings. He was currently tied to a tree, sitting on the ground with his legs out in front of him. Zed tried to draw strength from the shadows but a presence from his back negated any attempts. He noticed that the amount of chains had doubled.

"Why didn't you end it?" a voice asked.

Zed whirled and found Riven seated on a rock a few feet away.

He said nothing but in his mind, he thought, _because I have grown weak._

"Fine, don't talk, it's not like I can trust whatever you say now," she said.

"Trust is for the weak," rasped Zed.

Riven's eyes hardened and she seethed, "But only the strongest can truly trust in themselves."

Zed closed his eyes and tried to keep calm, an old teaching passing through his mind.

_The center of the storm is the calmest, and one can make the best

decisions from there._

Zed tried to calm down.

Screw the center of the storm.

His eyes flew open and settled on Riven. "Trusting in others will bring you nothing but disappointment. They always failâ€¦ I don't, and that is because I am alone, no loose ends, nobody dragging me down," he said back.

"And look where that got you," said Riven, "tied to a tree, captured by an enemy."

"I will escape, and you will feel my blade when I do," Zed told her.

Riven nodded, before punching him in the stomach.

"Try to escape, I dare you, they said I needed to get you to the Placidium, they never said you couldn't have a few broken bones.

Zed said nothing, his eyes settled on her own eyes.

She stood up and walked away, sitting down on the opposite side of the fire, never glancing away from him.

A battle had just happened. Not of steel and fire but one of wit and word. And Riven had won that battleâ€¦

_ â€¦but not the war._

* * *

><p>Hello, long time no see!

**Sorry about a lack of updates,
>

School has been challenging and I have had quite a few projects due.

I can't promise that I will be able to post more often until summertime where you can expect a lot more from me,

until next time-

~Navarog

End
file.